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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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"While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night."

Like small curled feathers, white and soft,
The little clouds went by,
Across the moon, and past the stars,
And down the western sky;
In upland pastures, where the grass
With frosty dew was white,
Like snowy clouds the young sheep lay
The first, best Christmas night.

The shepherds slept; and glimmering faint,
With twist of thin, blue smoke,
Only their fire's crackling flame
The tender silence broke—
Save when a young lamb raised his head,
Or, when the night wind blew,
A nesting bird would softly stir
Where dusty olives grew.

With fingers on her solemn lip,
Night hushed the shadowy earth,
And only stars and angels saw
The little Saviour's birth;
Then came such flash of silvery light
Across the bending skies,
The wondering shepherds woke, and hid
Their frightened, dazzled eyes!

And all their gentle, sleepy flock
Looked up, then slept again,
Nor knew the light that dimmed the stars
Brought endless Peace to men—
Nor even heard the gracious words
That down the ages ring—
"The Christ is born! the Lord has come!
Goodwill on earth to bring!"

Then o'er the moonlit, misty fields,
Dumb with the world's great joy,
The shepherds sought the white-walled town

Where lay the Baby Boy—
And oh, the gladness of the world,
The glory of the skies,
Because the longed-for Christ looked up
In Mary's happy eyes!

A Cadet Celebration.

A group of cadet stood just within the shadow of the sally-port of the barracks at the West Point Academy. It was a few days before Christmas, and a question of much interest to first and second classmen was under discussion. An order from the major-general commanding the department had been read, granting to all the members of the two upper classes who had received less than twenty demerit marks for a period of six months a three days' leave of absence at Christmas.

To appreciate what this meant to the academy boys, it should be known that ordinarily but one leave is given during the four years work necessary for the winning of a commission. Many there were now who sorrowfully regretted little breaches of discipline that had been fruitful of black marks during the summer encampment and the three autumn months of barracks life.

"I wish I hadn't done it," sighed Billy Dinsmore, a second classman, who had been caught off limits with a clothes-bag full of apples in his possession. "Those Baldwins cost me five demerits a peck." "I had only eighteen up to parade last night," said Bob Steele; "but the commandant doesn't approve of smoking during study hours, and I am in for three more."

"Sorry for you, fellows," broke in Jim Nelson, "but you should behave better. I have but fifteen marks, and this furlough is mine." There was a laugh in Jim's voice as he spoke, for was not the steady-going cadet that his page in the delinquency-book would denote.

"You are the luckiest chap in the corps, Jim," said Dinsmore; "but if the officer who caught me in the orchard had looked into the trees, as well as under them, you wouldn't be crowing over us now."

At this moment two first classmen joined the group.

"Who gets the leave?" asked one of them.

"Dick Lambert and I, out of this crowd," replied Nelson.

"Good! I wish you would both make it a point to be at Ted Morgan's quarters after taps. Something's up."

"All."

Just then the clear notes of a bugle, blowing "call to quarters," were heard, and from the area came the sound of marching feet, as the corporal posted the first guard relief. The group in the sally-port was broken up, and from all points came cadets, obeying with reluctant steps the musical call to study.

The only sounds were the occasional challenges of the sentinels guarding the front of barracks and the long line of officers' houses.

For half an hour there were no signs of life, and the rear doors of the cadet quarters opened, and close-muffled forms came forth and crossed the area, entering one of the halls of Company D. From the hall they passed into a room where the later comers were met by a brightness that puzzled their eyes after contact with the darkness outside. A heavy army-blanket covers the window, that no tell-tale ray of light may escape, and upon the bed, chairs and tables are seated about twenty cadets, representatives of the four academic class.

This fraternizing of first and second classmen with "yearling" and "plebs," as the members of the under classes are called, is an unusual sight; but when mischief is afoot, the bond of companionship at West Point is very closely knit.

When all had found places, Cadet Morgan told them of the object of the meeting. The first classmen wished to celebrate the incoming of the graduating year by a grand display of fireworks from the barracks windows, the firing of a salute from the siege and sea-coast batteries, and by discharging from the roof an old Mexican cannon. In addition to this, all possible noise was to be made by any and all means which should suggest themselves to the three hundred cadets, who it was expected would enter heartily into the spirit of the celebration.

After giving this brief outline of the scheme, Morgan asked for six "yearling" volunteers to bring an old-size gun from Trophy Point to barracks and to place it in position on the roof.

Every third classman present offered to help, and so eager were they all that six were chosen by lot. All second classmen in the room had been fortunate enough to secure Christmas leave, and to them was intrusted the purchase of the necessary fireworks, which were to be brought to the academy in valises.

The more difficult and dangerous task of firing the batteries was reserved to the first class. The fourth classmen were instructed to secure round shot to the number of fifty, to be rolled down the iron-bound barrack stairs.

After listening to a few further details, the cadets left Morgan's quarters and stole silently to their rooms.

Breaches of discipline of any magnitude are nearly impossible at the academy. The rules are very rigid; the cadets are almost continually under the eye of an officer, and any detected attempt at what college-boys would call a "lark" is certain to meet with severe punishment. The few outbreaks that occur are looked upon by all but the authorities as the result of the repressed spirit of the cadets freeing itself, and as such they may, perhaps, be the more easily forgiven.

The plan, formed by the senior class for the celebration of the first day of January was one of the boldest known in the history of the academy. The dangers of detection were many; the barracks were inspected daily, and the finding of a single contraband article that would have given the officers a clew was sufficient to frustrate the scheme.

The greatest obstacle in the way of perfect success was the possible sounding of the "long roll" before the firing detail could return from the great guns by the river.

The long roll summons the cadets into ranks, and to disobey the call means dismissal. The calling of the names of the company members by the sergeants discloses absentees, and it would fare hard with the gunners were they unable to reach barracks in time to appear in ranks.

Morgan and fellow conspirators were worried upon this point. Various suggestions were made and rejected, but finally it was decided to attempt to purloin and secrete the drums, thus rendering the sounding of the roll call impossible.

The drums could not be taken until after taps upon the night set for the celebration and as they were kept in the guard-house, under the eye of the chief drummer, an enlisted man, the task of obtaining possession of them was by no means easy.

A volunteer for the work was soon found, however, and the other preparations were continued.

The night of December thirty-first had come. The furlough-men were back from leave, and nearly every mattress in barracks bore its burden of rockets, Roman-candles and cannon-crackers. Parade was over, and the battalion had formed preparatory to marching to supper.

The first captain commanded "Fall out," for attendance at mess is not obligatory, and the six yearling volunteers who were to capture the Mexican cannon dropped from the ranks, and with them left a dozen other cadets to cover their identity.

The sun had set two hours before, and the darkness that shrouded the Point favored their purpose.

Separating at the sally-port into parties of three each, the six cadets started for Trophy Point. One party kept to the left of the plain and the other made its way to the right by Dade's marble column and the deserted camp ground.

Keeping a wary eye out for officers and sentinels, the two little detachments at last reached their destination.

From among the hundred trophies of the Mexican War that lay scattered around, the boy selected a long, tapering seige piece, of bell-metal, bearing upon its back the words, in Latin, "The last argument of kings," with the royal arms of Spain.

The Mexicans had taken it with their independence from the mother country and from them the forces of the United States had in turn secured it. Its third capture was marked by neither noise nor bloodshed, and to-night it was to speak for the first time since Monterey.

A sled had been secreted near by, and upon it, by means of stakes, the cannon was lifted. Fastening it securely with ropes, four of the boys started their burden toward barracks, keeping to the road that edged the bluff overlooking the river.

The two remaining cadets, after seeing their comrades safely started, stole down to the North Batteries, and with cartridges taken from time to time at artillery drill, they loaded the six thirty-pounders and the heavier sea-coast guns. Friction primers were inserted in the vents, and the lanyards being attached, were wound about the cascabels.

This done without detection, back over the plain they went, breathing more easily than for days past.

At the barracks the boys found the cannon already in its place upon the roof, put there by the united exertions of all the cadets who had fallen out from mess.

The first day of the new year was to be a holiday, and studies being suspended the evening before, permission was given the cadets to visit one another's quarters, an arrangement that gave them freedom to perfect their plans for the midnight celebration.

Taps had again sounded, and for an hour the boys stayed quietly in bed.

As the tower-clock struck eleven, Jim Nelson, who had promised to try for the drums, left his quarters, and after making sure that area was clear, started for the guard-house.

Entering the hall door, he took off his low shoes and tiptoed quietly up the stairs.

At the head of the first flight was situated the commandant's office. The door was open, and the light streaming out flooded the landing. Seated at a table, writing, was the officer in charge for the day.

Jim's heart nearly failed him. To reach the drummer's room he must pass the open door.

"I promised, and it's too late to back out now," he said to himself; and as the officer bent lower over his work, he stole noiselessly across the hall to the second flight of stairs.

Up these he went, and listening a moment, he heard the heavy breathing of the sleeping drummers.

The door leading into their room was ajar, and pushing it open with a now-or-never air, Jim entered.

The gas burned dimly; four forms were stretched upon the little army cots, and at the foot of the one occupied by the drummer sergeant were the drums.

In a moment they were secured

and slung by their straps over Jim's arms.

Down stairs he crept, past the office, where the lieutenant still wrote busily, and out into the dark area.

Jim hid the drums in the engine-room back of the guard-house, and then sought his quarters.

By this time every cadet was out of bed and quietly making preparation for the beginning of the fun.

The leaders distributed the fireworks, and gave directions for their discharge. Fourth classmen were stationed upon the landings and each was given two heavy round shot to roll at the proper moment down the iron-sheathed stairs. A long lanyard was attached to the primer in the vent of the Mexican cannon, and brought through the scuttle of the roof, until it hung dangling in the hallway of the attic, ready for the hand of the gunner.

Every door leading from barracks had been secured, with the exception of one left open to admit the firing detail upon its return from the batteries.

This detail, consisting of four first classmen, was already on its way to the river. Taking the path followed by the cadets with the captured cannon, the boys reached the seige-guns without discovery. There two of them halted, the others making their way further down toward the river to the heavy sea-coast artillery.

Stationing themselves, one at either end of both batteries, each grasped the lanyard of his piece firmly, and waited the first stroke of midnight. Its sound soon came from the bell in the academy tower, and bearing it company across the plain was a deep, heavy roar that told that the old Spanish piece had not lost the voice of its youth.

Before the echo had time to answer, our lanyard were pulled taut, and four tongues of flame leaped through the embrasures of the parapets, followed quickly by the mingling reports of four cannon.

The surrounding mountain had not ceased tossing the noise back and forth, when four more iron muzzles spoke, and as quickly four others. The light of the last discharge, lingering a moment, showed the gray-coated figures of the gunners as they dashed up the earth-covered magazine on to the plain above.

The barracks seemed on fire; the diamond panes in the upper windows glowed with light, and from beneath them shot great numbers of rockets and Roman candles.

The snow-covered branches of the elms glistened brightly, and the light shining far out on the plain, showed officers hurrying hastily from the quarters, and heading toward the cadet guard-house.

The gunners, returning from the battery, were seen and chased; but they were fully awake and a knowledge of the punishment awaiting them if caught gave them speed and they gained and entered the open door of barrack, which was quickly closed and barred in the face of their pursuers. They were safe, and the long roll had lost its terrors.

The noise in the old stone building was increasing with every moment. Heavy shot bounded down the stairs, volleys of musketry were firing in the hallways, and horns and cannon crackers added to the volume of sound that awoke the echoes from Fort Putnam to Crow Nest.

The officers, unable to get into the building, had gathered in the area. They were headed by the general commanding the department who had probably not heard such a noise since the battle of Franklin.

The ammunition was about exhausted when a heavy roll was heard that at once told the boys the drums were found, and ordered them into ranks.

With a final cheer, the doors were thrown open, and quietly and in order they fell into line. The roll-call showed no absentees, and as no one could be singled out for punishment, the corps as a body had to suffer the consequence of the celebration.

The first day of the New Year that was to have been a time of release from duty, was spent in close confinement to quarters.

Not a few cadets stood the pain inflicted upon burnt hands at manual drill rather than face the surgeon; of whose questions they stood

in fear. During four months the few privileges that are given at the academy were withheld, and the cadets had ample time to repent for their New Year's celebration, which though it may have been, as Jim Nelson called it "brilliant performance," was not one that paid for the penalty.—*Ed. B. Clark, in Golden Days.*

A Christmas Deal.

It was Christmas eve at the Eyrie, the country seat of the Martins, set on a pinnacle in the hills. The place had been opened for the holidays, and the family, with a number of guests, formed a delightful "house party." To-night general merry-making was in order. In the hall before the great open fireplace, in which logs were blazing, sat Edith Martin with Ralph Arnold, a recent arrival from the west who had been devoted to her since they had first met, a week before.

"You are not in harmony with the occasion," he said to her. "Instead of a happy Christmas look on your face there is a troubled one." She drew back for a moment as if withholding a confidence, then suddenly let it all out.

"I must tell you," she said, "but you are not to breathe a word to any one. He is coming by the train that arrives at 11:40 and will be here at 12. He must go back to the city early to-morrow on important business, and"—here she lowered her voice to a whisper—"I am to accept him before this gay night is over."

"Who is he?" "John Trotter, dealer in foreign laces, a thorough business man and rich. Papa has lost a great deal of money by the shrinkage in stocks, and Mr. Trotter is going to help him ever so much to enable him to hold what he has till the market rises again."

"And the bonus is your hand?" "That is very near the truth."

"The contract is to be signed at 12 midnight?" "I have promised that if Mr. Trotter will come up this evening I will give him my answer."

"It will be yes?" "It must be yes."

"That is, if he arrives."

"If he doesn't I shall have to nerve myself anew on another occasion."

"How much money is he to loan your father?" "Papa said it was something like half a million."

"I think they might have left you to spend this Christmas happily. How miserable it is to be poor! If I were rich I might save you this sacrifice, and"—He paused reflectively.

"You wouldn't charge any bonus." She was looking very steadily at the leaping flames.

"Oh, the bonus! It wouldn't be any kindness to you to take you out of the frying pan and put you into the fire."

"I'd rather burn on a gridiron than sizzle in a pan."

The young man sat toying with his watch chain. Had the girl looked at him she would have seen that the expression on his face was not in keeping with the unemotional tones of his voice.

"If he fails to arrive on time and it is possible for you to jump into the fire, will you do so?"

"There is no fire to jump into."

There was another pause. The logs were crackling; the fire was sending a genial warmth and light through the paneled hall. From the rooms adjoining came shouts of laughter as some one was caught and kissed under the mistletoe.

"I am a promoter," said Arnold, presently. "It is my business to secure funds for carrying out enterprises. Suppose I could get this loan for your father?"

They were speaking very deliberately—so deliberately that one might have thought they were two people of business making a bargain.

"At the same interest he will pay Mr. Trotter?" she asked.

"How much is that?"

"Now I think of it, I heard papa say a per cent."

"That would be satisfactory."

Miss Martin may have been considering the matter of interest. At

any rate, it was some time before she reached the next step.

"The bonus?" she asked under her breath.

"That would depend upon whether you would rather 'burn' than 'fry,' or, rather, whether you prefer neither to burn nor fry."

"It would not be fair to withhold the bonus. Nevertheless, if it were a burden instead of a blessing"—

He did not help her out. Instead he took out his watch and noted the hour. It was five minutes to 12.

"It is understood and agreed," he said, "that if the party of the first part doesn't show up when the clock strikes 12, the party of the second part shall consider herself released from signing the contract and will make the same arrangements with the party of the third part—that in lieu of the sum of half a million dollars at 4 per cent interest!"

"The bonus?" She was losing her business equanimity, tapping her foot on the lion skin beneath it. There remained only a few minutes to 12, and the party of the first part might walk in at any moment.

"The bonus shall be optional."

"With whom?"

"With the party of the second part."

"The party of the third part."

"Will only accept it entire. The heart must go with the hand."

"It's a bargain," she said, extending her hand, which he grasped. At the same moment the clock at the other end of the hall began to strike the hour. It was an old fashioned timekeeper with enormous weights and wheeled out its arithmetic strokes with provoking slowness. The pair sat motionless, their clasped hands concealed under a fold of the lady's dress, their eyes turned upon the front door. Each stroke brought them nearer to a consummation of their bargain. At the fourth there was a tinkle of the electric doorbell. At the eighth a servant passed the couple on his way to open the front door. Arnold put out his foot, and the man went sprawling on the floor. At the eleventh broke the servant was on his feet and rubbing his shins. At the twelfth he proceeded on his way. There was a pressure between the two concealed hands. In another moment the door opened and Mr. Trotter entered.

But what entered with him? Christmas morning. Twenty such mornings had come in the lifetime of Edith Martin, but none that brought her such a relief and at the same time such happiness as this one. Instead of being obliged to sacrifice herself to save her father she had accepted a man whom the first moment she saw him she knew to be the man she could love.

Ralph Arnold was indeed a promoter and had made a fortune in organizing gold mines. The day after Christmas he telegraphed his acceptance of an offer he had had for his principal mine and loaned the proceeds to Mr. Martin, who in six months regained all he had lost.

Mrs. Ralph Arnold on last Christmas eve, sitting before a blazing fire beside her eldest daughter, now sixteen, told her the story of her Christmas deal.

STORY OF A BELL.

Grosslaswitz is a village in the northern part of Germany. It is a small village. In this town there was a church which had a small bell in its tower that could not be heard far. The people were poor and could not afford to buy a larger one. On Sunday the schoolmaster went to Church. On his way he saw a six-eared corn-stalk growing in the church-yard wall. The idea struck him that the corn might pay to buy a new bell. So he waited till it got ripe. Then he plucked the six ears and planted them in his garden, and the next year he planted them again and then he divided them among the farmers and told them to plant them for they might pay for the new bell. They planted them for eight years. Then they gathered them and sold them and got enough money to buy the new bell and now it is in the tower. It is very beautiful. On it there is engraved a six-eared corn-stalk.—*Silent Worker.*

A good sea-otter or black fox skin will fetch \$1,350.

Wedding Reception

A wedding reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Cook, of Rosston, on Saturday evening, December 8th, 1906, in honor of their son Herman C. Cook, and his fair bride.

Herman C. Cook and Bessie McFadden were united in the holy bonds of wedlock on the fifteenth of November, 1906, in the chapel of the Institute for the Deaf, in Columbus, O.

The intervening time has been spent with friends at Chicago, Columbus, and other Western towns, and the home of the groom was not reached until Saturday.

A host of friends were assembled to welcome the young couple, and to extend to them the hearty greeting of a home. Among those present were:

C. B. Cook, brother of the groom, Doctor D. I. Giarth and wife, of Ford City; Rey. J. W. Otterman, wife and daughter-in-law, of Ford City; Mrs. A. C. Ross, Mrs. Hampton, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Rearick, Mr. and Mrs. James Heighley, Mr. and Mrs. Miles Heilman, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Householder, Mrs. Ed. Fuller, Miss Bee Klingensmith, Mrs. W. Hartman, Mrs. Peter McCulley, Miss Foster, of (Toledo), O., Daniel Knell and wife of Leechburg, Miss Mary E. Slease, of Vandergrift. The following mutes were present: Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Brown, of Natrona; Chas. Gillen and wife, of Wickboro; John Clinton Craig, of Tidal; Joss and Carrie Finley, of Kittanning. Many were not able to be present.

An elegant dinner was served at seven o'clock, after which the gifts were presented; consisting of silver and china ware, all being useful and beautiful. The entire affair was one of the most delightful that was ever held in Rosston, and a fitting one for the reception of the bride upon her advent among strangers. It was an impressive sight to see these people whom God has decreed shall travel along life's pathway in silence, conversing with each other in the sign language. Trains gave a welcome as they passed the door. The couple expect to live near Pittsburg, where Mr. Cook has business and will resume his studies under Civil Engineer M. M. Manes and G. C. Dole, M. E. If good wishes, in which *The Daily Times* joins most sincerely and heartily, will help to smooth the rough places in their journey of life, then indeed, is the happiness of this most worthy young couple assured. We regret, owing to the kind invitation to be present reaching us too late, that we could not be there to add our personal congratulations and welcome Mr. and Mrs. Cook home.—*Kittanning Daily Times, Dec. 10.*

Great Day for the Romans

No nation has ascribed so much importance to the beginning of things as the Roman. To that people there was a magical connection between a right beginning and success. To them New Year's day was the day of days. It was the anniversary of the founding of the city of Rome, which they considered the greatest event in the world's history. They called the first month of the year January in honor of Janus, the god of doors and beginnings. (The world still uses a heathen calendar.) At dawn of the new year the people, robed in white, sacrificed elaborate offerings to their gods, especially to Janus. Fraternal greetings, benevolent gifts and exchanges of costly presents marked the day. All evil speaking, quarrels or excesses were for one day laid aside, and the ideals for a nobler future were brought to mind by parables enacted in public places. The soldiers renewed their vows of loyalty to Caesar and put on new uniforms.

The Line Drawn.

Ethel—What do you intend to give me for Christmas?
Bertie—Would a kiss answer?
Ethel (with sarcasm)—No, indeed! Mamma never allows me to accept valuable presents from gentlemen.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 103rd Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
'Tis wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

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The New Year.

December's sun is low; the year is old;
Through fallen leaves and flying flakes of snow
The aged pilgrim climbs the mountain cold.
But look! the summit's in the afterglow!
Nothing before him but the peak, the sky!
Nothing! Ah, look! Beyond is every-thing!
Over those mountains greener valleys lie;
A happier New Year, an eternal life!

Behold, the New Year beckons, like a star,
A splendid mystery of the unfathomed skies!
God guided thee through His mystic spaces far,
Till all His stars as suns within thee rise!
The New Year beckons. He, too, beckoning, nears;
Forget not thou that all its gifts are His!
Take from His hand all blessings of the years,
And of the blossoming, starred eternities!

One Working Day for Us All.

TO-DAY THE ONLY PERIOD FOR WHICH WE ARE ACCOUNTABLE.

The coming year will have 365 days in its calendar, but really will have only one working day, and that is called "To-day." That is all you will be accountable for; none but a fool lives in to-morrow. Serve your Master by the day. Each four and twenty hours brings its own duties to be done, its own loads to be carried, and its own progress to be made heavenward. There never was a Christian yet strong enough to carry to-day's duties with to-morrow's worries piled on the top of them. Take short views, and never try to climb walls until you get to them, or to cross a bridge until you reach it. Begin every day with Jesus Christ, and then keep step with him, march on to duty over the roughest road that lies before you, and in the teeth of the hardest headwind you may encounter. "My times are in thy hands," and they could not be in better hands. Our times are in our all-wise and all-loving Father's hands both for control and concealment. He takes care of us, and yet we can not tell just what to-morrow or the next year will bring forth.

THE Christmas number of the Illinois *Advance* is a thing of beauty. With a cover of buff and a holly wreath printed in colors of green and red, and forty quarto pages of well selected reading matter, all typographically excellent, and several full page halftones, it makes a tone that would do credit to any printing-office.

WE are this week short of composers and short in time—because of the Christmas holiday. Therefore all the news could not be put into type. What has been postponed will be printed next week.

LOVE'S LAST REQUEST.

"So you refuse me?" sighed the disconsolate lover. "Then listen! I shall go far, far away. Time and distance shall swallow me up. I shall never see your face again." "Before you go, Harold," whispered the girl, "there is one favor I would ask of you." "Yes?" He turns with hope re-kindled in his heart. "While you are going to the far places you mention, would you mind sending me picture post-cards from each stopping-point? I am making a post-card album, and if you would—" But with a hollow groan he fled from her side.

FANWOOD.

The Kindergarten Christmas Festival

A REAL SANTA CLAUS

Little Tots Make Merry

From our Regular Correspondent.

Wednesday afternoon, December the 19th, was a great day for the Kindergarten Classes.

From two until 4 o'clock on that day occurred the annual Christmas Festival which Principal inaugurated some years ago and has kept up ever since.

Miss McGill and her corps of kindergarten teachers had been preparing for this riotous event for some time, and the tiny fingers of the little tots had been busy making the decorations for the rooms and the big tree, all unaware of the purpose to which their creative industry would be put.

To many the festival was quite a surprise, but a subdued excitement was observed here and there that betrayed the fact that not a few of the little boys and girls had an inkling of what was in store for them.

Of course the Fanwood reporter of the JOURNAL had to be on hand, and a pleasant and heart-warming duty was his on that joyous afternoon.

Two of the largest classrooms were used for the festival, and they were gay with Christmas decorations.

Room 9 was a kaleidoscopic dream. In its center was a huge Christmas tree fully fifteen feet high, and from its apex were festoons of evergreen wreaths reaching to all the sides and corners of the room. Round the walls were stars of holly, and pendant here and there gay Christmas bells. On the slates, made in colored crayons were pictures of Santa Claus with his pack; a little girl hovering over some well-filled stockings that hung by an old-time fireplace; and spelled within a wreath of holly leaves and berries the words "Merry Christmas." The tree itself was resplendent with paper and popcorn chains, little snowballs of glistening white, and dolls, toys and all the other ornaments that tend to gladden the juvenile heart.

All the space not otherwise occupied had tables laden with dainties for the children—such as candy, raisins, figs, peanuts, popcorn, cake, etc., etc.—Little wooden platters and gaudy Japanese napkins added a bewildering glow of color to the tasteful array. On all the tables were vases of cut flowers, including roses, carnations, daisies and ferns.

Room 5, was very much the same as the above in point of decoration and arrangements for the Christmas feast, save that the tree was omitted.

The hall clock marked the witching hour of two, when Miss McGill headed the procession of little girls, with Miss Newman as rear guard, and marched to the girls' study room, where several games were soon in progress, all of them being a form of exercise that awakens the interest and develops the powers of observations and understanding, at the same time exercising the physical being by cultivating a grace of motion and a prompt obedience to commands.

These games finished, the little ones were marched to the rooms prepared for the Christmas Festival.

Never yet was pencil made that could describe the eager anticipation shown on the faces of the little tots as they came within sight of the gayly decorated rooms, nor the glow of happiness that shone upon the little faces when each was seated at the tables filled with the good things to eat.

But before the feast began, they had had to fast a little longer. For was not Mr. Spanner there with his camera to make a flash-light of the happy group. Aided by Mr. Van Tassel, who worked the battery that made the flash, he succeeded beyond his utmost expectations.

All of the kindergarten teachers assisted in distributing the sweets, and then "Santa Claus" (Mr. W. G. Jones) came in, dressed in scarlet with fur-bordered blouse, and bearded like the real Santa Claus that the gentle reader has so often seen in the picture papers and department stores.

Santa Claus had presents for all, and each little boy and girl received a sled-shaped box of candy.

Principal Currier and Mrs. Currier, and Matron Wilcox, each were remembered by some unknown donor with little gifts. I suspect Principal Currier got some candy and peanuts, as he dropped his present and from a little hole protruded a tell-tale peanut shell.

This ended the festivities, and soon the little ones were running free in the playrooms, talking excitedly and munching the candy

which good Santa Claus had brought.

Last Friday morning the majority of the pupils departed for their respective homes for the Christmas holidays. And before departing each shook hands with whoever he met and wished him an enjoyable time.

Mr. George Rau, a graduate from Fanwood, was met by one of the pupils Sunday afternoon last. He was walking on Fort Washington Avenue. Those who were members of the Art Department will remember him as an excellent amateur artist.

An examination was gone through from the 17th to the 19th. The examination was a surprise to the majority of the pupils, but in the higher classes they met the enemy unflinchingly and in most cases conquered it by passing the exams in triumph. The next year, if we have another grind like this one, the pupils will be found ready.

C. L.

National Association of the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

President, G. W. VEDITZ, Colo.
Secretary, Jas. H. CLOUD, Mo.
Treasurer, N. F. MORROW, Ind.

Vice-Presidents,
D. W. GEORGE, Ill. Mrs. J. W. BARRETT, Ia.
O. J. WHILDIN, Md. J. F. DONNELLY, N. Y.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Dec. 15, 1906.—On December 5th, the Secretary of the National Association of the Deaf sent the following communication to every member of the National Executive Committee:

The Jamestown Exposition Company has just requested the National Association of the Deaf [Norfolk] Convention dates by December 15th, for its Special Events Booklet. Shall the dates be July 4th, 5th and 6th? Please answer immediately.

There are thirty-three members of the Executive Committee. Up to the present writing, twenty-six have been heard from—almost without exception favoring the dates indicated. The answers are substantially as follows:

Mr. W. J. Geilfuss (South Carolina)—"The dates (July 4th, 5th and 6th) seem O. K., but why not prolong the session for a week."

Rev. J. W. Michaels (Arkansas)—"Yes, let the date be July 4th, 5th and 6th."

Mr. F. R. Gray (Pennsylvania)—"July 4th, 5th and 6th? Yes. It suits me exactly. Hope it will suit others, too."

Rev. O. J. Whildin (Maryland)—"July 4th, 5th and 6th, will be excellent dates for the Convention. I vote for them."

Mrs. A. K. Barrett (Iowa)—"July 4th, 5th and 6th, suggested by you are good, and I concur."

Mr. N. F. Morrow (Indiana)—"July 4th, 5th and 6th, meets my approval. Those directly concerned in town like the dates."

Miss M. E. Finch (South Dakota)—"I am in favor of holding the National Association of the Deaf Convention on July 4th, 5th and 6th."

Mr. W. B. Rosson (Tennessee)—"I am in favor of the dates, July 4th, 5th and 6th, for the National Association of the Deaf Convention."

Mr. W. D. George (Illinois)—"Yes."

Mr. E. H. McIlvain (Kansas)—"July 4th, 5th and 6th, will do."

Mr. A. J. Sullivan (Louisiana)—"Put me down for July 4th, 5th and 6th."

Mr. J. O'Rourke (Massachusetts)—"I favor the dates July 4th, 5th and 6th, for holding the National Association of the Deaf Convention."

Mr. J. R. Applegate (West Virginia)—"Shall the dates be July 4th, 5th and 6th? Yes."

Mr. L. A. Divine (Nebraska)—"I am willing that the Convention dates shall be July 4th, 5th and 6th, and you may record me."

Mr. R. N. Parsons (Connecticut)—"Yes, the dates shall be July 4th, 5th and 6th."

Mr. R. P. McGregor (Ohio)—"The dates July 4th, 5th and 6th, will suit us."

Mr. W. Robinson (Wisconsin)—"You may put me down for July 4th, 5th and 6th."

Mr. Geo. Brooks (Texas)—"I think the dates July 4th, 5th and 6th, are good."

Mrs. J. F. Keys (Alabama)—"Yes, I think the dates will be all right."

Mr. R. H. King (Kentucky)—"I authorize you to vote for the dates mentioned, or any other time as you think best."

Rev. J. H. Cloud (Missouri)—"I think July 4th, 5th and 6th, are the best dates."

Mr. T. D'Estrella, of California,

would cast his vote with the majority.

Mr. J. H. Heeke, of Virginia, and Mr. J. F. Donnelly, of New York, do not favor July 4th, 5th and 6th.

Mr. G. W. Veditz, of Colorado, and Dr. J. L. Smith, of Minnesota, were heard from, but neither definitely indicated their personal preference for Convention dates.

The remaining members of the Executive Committee have not yet been heard from on the subject.

J. H. CLOUD.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

The undersigned has just been informed by the Chief of the Department of Congresses and Special Events at the Jamestown Exposition that the dates July 4th, 5th and 6th, inclusive, have been assigned the Association for the Norfolk Convention, and that July 5th will be known as "National Association of the Deaf Day."

J. H. CLOUD, Sec'y.
ST. LOUIS, Dec. 20, 1906.

The Woes of Deaf People.

(From the British Deaf Times.)

The mistakes of the deaf are laughable—no one knows better than the deaf who furnishes the laugh; and there is no admitted dignity in the badge of his affliction. The eye-glass is chic and superior. People—young people, especially—don't it for pure affectation and "style," but is there any case recorded where the most flighty young person has adopted an ear trumpet "for style?"

Spectacles are received as a mark of scholarship. They are often called becoming, but who has ever heard of a becoming ear trumpet? Moreover, it is a terror to the multitude; a small-pox borne into a social assemblage would create only a little more consternation. I have heard people confess they went around a corner to avoid a trumpet, and I have not greatly blamed them, for after talking into trumpets more or less all my life, I never approach a new one without misgiving.

And only the other day a writer told me of his narrow escape; a woman (and it made the matter no better that she was a Cambridge woman) presented a trumpet at him, and, taking up the mouthpiece, he found himself on the point of saying into it, "Hello!" when his good angel intervened.

And here, to prove my point, behold the mirthful element of deafness cropping up irresistibly! In a street car lately I amused myself by counting up 11 out of 23 passengers with eye-glasses on. There was nothing funny in this, but if there had been 11 ear trumpets it would have been funny and alarming. Here is another item in the burden of deafness—the embarrassment it brings to others, and of which the deaf can by no means relieve them, even though he bears, as he commonly does, their portion as well as his own.

He sees the sufferer writing under his very eyes and he is miserable with him, but that helps nothing, and, when he has thrown the timorous and bashful into a purple fit of speechlessness a few times, he learns to be wary of advertising his infirmity frankly, and will rather stretch his ears an inch longer than provoke another convulsion. Every deaf person must at some time have felt that he was in a condition to take the advice of a Kansas editor to his contemporary, and "tie his ears in a bow knot over his head to keep them out of the ink stand."

Such minor forms of suffering as being yelled at by those who grasp the fact he is deaf, but know no degrees in deafness, he ceases to reckon; yet I think it is Wilkie Collins in his "Gulley River," who makes this a sufficient incitement to murder. It is a fact that the sounds he does hear, the deaf one hears with a terrific acuteness, and noise that to him is loud causes him a silent, nervous chill.

He has, it is true, his little compensations—very little ones. I do not refer to those so often and so earnestly pressed on him by many two-eared friends—such as all the disagreeable things he misses hearing, coupled with the assurance of how often they have wished themselves a little deaf. "There are means," one might remark. It is not so difficult—in this climate. Failing a due catarrhal trouble of nerves, the slightest perforation of the drum will do the business.

I have always had some doubts of the sincerity of these comforters, since I never knew one who took the first step to compass the desired end. No, the compensations of the deaf are others. He sees things no one else sees; he can play a concentrated game of whist, and he is a terrible observer. Moreover, there are his journeys and those delirious moments when there is an uproar and nobody but himself can hear. Even then he is isolated in his glory, and to hear in a deaf world is a little better than to be deaf in a hearing world.

This strange gift to the deaf is not

usually understood. If it were, many a familiar confidence would remain unconfided in the steam and trolley cars, thereby lessening the gayety of nations immeasurably to the already scantily enlivened deaf and even get a modified pleasure from the temporary deafness of those we travel with.

The *Scientific American* published years ago a curious case of an engineer about to be dismissed on account of his deafness, who persuaded the president of the road and the complaining committee to ride on his engine with him, and conclusively demonstrated that he was the only man of the party capable of hearing. In the great stamping mill of the Treadwell mine in Alaska where the din is such that no person with ears can hear the loudest shout and the employees are said to become actually deaf in time from the effect of the continuous uproar—in that pandemonium one very deaf woman could hear a whisper.

She had not heard a whisper, even with a trumpet, for many years before. This peculiar compensation of the deaf really leads sometimes to merry results—of different order from those which figure in the farces about the deaf. By the way, is there any farce with blindness for its amusing theme?

The only other infirmity which seems to me to share with deafness this melancholy distinction of adding to the merriment of those not afflicted and rendering the victim awkward and ridiculous, is the nervous affection of stammering. Stammerers throw their listeners into somewhat the same state of mind. Timid and sympathetic persons shrink from talking with them, and everyone admits that at moments it makes a painful demand upon one's fortitude. Like the deafness, too, it is frankly droll in effect at times.

As a matter of fact, all the stammerers I have known have been persons of unusual pluck and talent, who have pushed their way in spite of the disadvantage, and been more than commonly charming members of society. Everyone will think of a few famous examples. The deaf, on the contrary, like Swinburne or Beethoven, generally become hermits in the ready-made desert which surrounds them. The stammerer can at least get pleasure from others.

He has but to close his lips and listen; but the deaf can neither talk nor listen among numbers. Conversation for him is impossible only under the Emersonian conditions. Of him, indeed, it is strictly true that "two may talk and one may listen, but three cannot talk."—*Grace Elvery Channing, in Boston Transcript.*

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.

VISIT OF MR. W. H. ADDISON, PRINCIPAL OF THE GLASGOW INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—Mr. W. H. Addison, A. C. P., the Principal of the Glasgow Institution for the Deaf, is going out to visit some of your magnificent schools and to see the results. He sails on January 26th, under the auspices of the Moseley Commission. Mr. Moseley, a wealthy London gentleman, who enjoys the confidence of our Government and the Board of Education, is sending out five hundred teachers, and he publishes their reports, which are studied by our Board of Education and the public. Mr. Addison is to investigate the Schools for the Deaf. He is most anxious to see the adult deaf educated on all methods.

He will also be at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, on Sunday, February 3d, and perhaps Dr. Chamberlain will kindly ask him to give an address. It is possible he may be able to give a lecture on Monday, February 4th, in St. Ann's Church Guild room.

He expects to be in Philadelphia, on Sunday, February 10th, and will attend All Souls' Church. I am sure that Rev. Orvis Dantzer will be delighted if he gives an address. In Washington, D. C., for Sunday, February 17th, and will be delighted to meet his old pupil, Mr. Innes, who is studying at the college. Dr. E. M. Gallaudet will no doubt make all arrangements for Mr. Addison.

He is to be in Boston on Sunday, February 24th. Rev. S. Stanley Searing will be pleased to get his deaf people to meet Mr. Addison. Mr. Addison expects to visit the New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Rochester, Northampton, and other schools.

Letters for Mr. Addison addressed to the care of Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, 587 West 145th Street, New York, up to February 3d, will reach him.

Yours truly,

FRANCIS MAGINN.

BELFAST, IRELAND.

The average size of a laborer's family in England and the United States is three persons; in Germany, five persons.

Venetian glass is not made in Venice, but in the island of Murano.

Mississippi.

GALLAUDET DAY AT THE JACKSON INSTITUTION—PROF. S. T. WALKER DELIVERED THE ADDRESS.

From the Jackson Chilton Ledger, Dec. 11.

It requires something more than a day that is "cold and dark and dreary" to dampen the ardor of those who dwell within the splendid institution where our deaf-mutes are taught to find life's bright pathway. Likewise it needs more to chill the enthusiasm of the friends of this noble work.

Hence, the inclement day to the contrary, notwithstanding, there was a most desirable audience in the chapel to honor the institution's distinguished guest, Mr. S. T. Walker, of Louisiana, and to do reverence to the name of that great friend of the deaf, Dr. Gallaudet.

It is a continued revelation to those who visit Mississippi's institution for her deaf and dumb children that such marvels are accomplished by the wise care and teaching of those who are laboring to open the doors of life and of learning to the children who come in such great numbers each year, to enter the blessed portals of this wonder-working home.

Only those who have noted, year by year, the throngs who come and ask admission—whose every sense is blinded and whose door of Hope is shut—can comprehend the work that lies between that entering time and the hour of a triumph such as was scored last night.

Yesterday being the anniversary of the birth of the man who began the great work of teaching the deaf—Dr. Gallaudet—the entertainment was a "Gallaudet Day."

At 7:30 Dr. J. B. Hutton's beautiful invocation opened the exercises, after which Misses Vallie Everett, Ada Faulkner and Myrtle Moore recited one of Dr. Gallaudet's poems, in the impressive sign language Governor Vardaman then introduced, in an exceedingly chaste speech, overflowing with eloquent appreciation of the occasion, the orator of the evening, Mr. S. T. Walker, of the Louisiana school, a man known throughout the country as a great teacher of the deaf.

Mr. Walker's response to the Governor's welcome was exceedingly happy. He referred, with admiration, to the new capital and home for the deaf; stated that there were two things needful to the erection of such buildings—a leader who could conceive, and a Governor and Legislature who would execute such stupendous plans. Mississippi has the first in her incomparable superintendent, Hon. J. R. Dohy, and the second in her liberal Governor and Legislators. He cited the fact that Mr. Dohy was one of the few "prophets who is honored in his own country," and pleased the audience immensely by telling them how high a place Mississippi's superintendent is held in the esteem of the world at large. With a few witty remarks, as to Mr. Dohy's skill at working the "rabbit's foot" on the most obdurate legislator, and a wish for the presence of Governor Blanchard, along with Governor Vardaman, because he believed that they would, in this good fellowship forget that "oysters ever slipped and slid from this side, or from that," he closed his thanks, and proceeded with the address, which was delivered in the sign language and interpreted by Mr. Dohy.

Mr. Walker called attention to the fact that Thanksgiving Day had just passed, and said that in a few days another holiday would be celebrated, more hallowed than any of the others, because on that day Christ was born, and in the celebration of which every Christian nation joined. On that day the children are told the story of His birth and His mission on earth, and there is feasting and the exchange of loving tokens. This is called Christ's or Christmas. Then on February 22d we celebrate the birth of the first president of our country, recalling with patriotic enthusiasm his wonderful life and achievements, and on July 4th, we celebrated the nation's birthday, and so regularly and often do these celebrations occur that they became part of the life of the American citizen.

This is the case with every holiday set apart for the purpose of instructing and impressing each succeeding generation with some important fact of history; some heroic act; some religious tenet, or to perpetuate the memory of some good and great man. And so on this day, December 10th, the anniversary of the birth of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the founder of the deaf-mute education in America, are his praises sung, his many virtues and exalted goodness recounted and the story of his triumphs retold to thousands of deaf-mute children in America; and into the minds of other thousands of adults, who have been during all these years recipients of the benefits of education his name and life story arise, calling forth from them praise and thanksgiving.

This is not a national or legal holiday—no need is there for official

promulgation! but from the innermost feelings of gratitude of a comparatively small class of individuals there springs an acclaim spontaneously—"Gallaudet! Gallaudet! may thy spirit of Christian philanthropy continue from generation to generation."

It becomes my duty and pleasure on this occasion to recount briefly for the benefit of your youthful audience the life and deeds of this man made great through his supreme goodness. He then gave a sketch of his life up to the time he graduated from Yale College, not then being eighteen years old. He then decided to enter Andover Theological Seminary and prepare himself for the ministry, and on graduating there a finished writer and speaker several pulpits were at once open to him, but Providence decreed otherwise, and a little child was the cause.

This is Gallaudet Day, and I will tell you the story. A lover of little children, he was one day seated on a lawn, book in hand, but the group romping around him became of more interest than the mulgation! But from the innermost among them who, while active in play, utters not a word. He discovers that she is deaf, and therefore speechless; he makes friends with her and succeeds in teaching her to write the one word "h-a-t," and makes her understand that the word describes the object hat. From this grew the establishment not only of the first school for the deaf of this country, but all the other similar schools; and not only this, an impetus was given to many other philanthropic and educational movements that followed in the wake.

His mind constantly dwelt on little Alice Cogswell, thinking out how her intelligence might be further reached. He experimented further, and after an acquaintance of a year or so with the little girl, resulted in her acquiring some considerable ability to write intelligently, though of course limited to simplest words. Her progress was such as to impel Dr. Cogswell to approach young Gallaudet with the proposition to take up in earnest the subject of teaching the deaf and dumb, and he finally consented to do so. Immediately ways and means were devised to pay his expenses of a trip to Europe, and accordingly he sailed on May 25th, 1815, but on arriving in Great Britain he found that instead of the philanthropic spirit governing he found that it was the commercial spirit, and that the secret of imparting instruction to the deaf and dumb was jealously guarded by the "patentee." But again Providence came to his relief, and a way was open to him. A good Abbe, the head of a French school, happened to be in England and invited him to go with him to Paris and there he would give him his personal instruction without money and without price. And thus was laid the foundation for the education of the deaf-mutes of America.

Mr. Walker then gave a history of the many obstacles that had to be overcome in the establishments of the first school and at Gallaudet's death his two sons took up the good work that he had established, one of whom established the first exclusive church for the deaf-mutes, while the other son is the founder of the only college for the deaf in the world. It is located at Washington and is supported by the government, and is named "Gallaudet College," in honor of the founder of the deaf language in America.

At the conclusion of the address, Rev. W. H. Hill pronounced the benediction, and Mr. Dohy then invited the guests to the rotunda where a reception was held and the guests given an opportunity to meet the guest of the evening, Mr. Dohy and Miss Power discharging the pleasant duty of the many introductions.

St. Thomas Mission, St. Louis.

Christ Cathedral Chapel, 13 and Locust Sts.
Rev. J. H. CLOUD, Minister, 2008 Virginia Avenue.

Sunday Services at 3 P. M.

Sunday School at 2:15 P. M.

Week-day meetings at 8 P. M. on first and third Fridays and fourth Wednesday, in the Parish House.

Service for Deaf-Mutes.

DECEMBER 1906.

23—10:45 A. M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
3:00 P. M., St. John's Chapel, Lowell.

30—10:45 A. M., St. Andrew's Boston.
3:30 P. M., New England Home, Everett.

Services every Friday at 3:30 P. M., at the New England Home, Everett.

S. STANLEY BEARING.
Diocesan Missionary to Deaf-Mutes,
564 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

Albert S. Tufes.
Edwin W. Frisbie Lay-Readers.

Marmalade, then made only of quinces, was known in Henry VIII.'s time. The word is derived from "mermelo," a quince.

All European monarchs have some trace of Stuart blood in their veins.

There were over 63,000 men engaged in the British Naval manoeuvres of the present year.

OHIO.

Christmas Cheer at the Institution.

THE DAVIS BOAT WORKS.

A Christmas Appeal.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of M. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

December 20, 1906.—One need not be reminded on entering the schoolrooms of the younger classes of the institution that the season of good cheer is on. The teachers have festooned and beautified their class rooms in a manner to interest the little ones, and give them an idea of what the holiday means. The slates are covered with drawings of "Old Kris Kringle" with his deer and sled loaded down with gifts, trees decorated with candles and holly leaves, holly drawings form their ridges. Links of colored paper extend across their rooms, colored stars are numerous stuck here or there. Indeed, the rooms are most attractive, and the children, when they at home, would not have so much done for them to remind and make the occasion memorial to them. Even the colored blind deaf boy has taken up the spirit of the season, and has sent a letter to Santa Claus, asking to be remembered by him with a long list of things he especially wants, and he is thoughtful, too, for he asks that all his friends be not forgotten.

Wednesday afternoon, five of the younger classes, accompanied by their teachers, were taken to the High Street stores to view the many attractions offered.

We have occasionally mentioned Mr. A. B. Davis' boat plant at Sandusky and the success that is attending him. The following from the Sandusky Register gives some interesting matters in connection with his place:

"Twenty-one yachts, hauled high and dry out of the water, and scattered about in winter berths in the yard, make an interesting view at the Davis Boat Works.

"Never before were so many yachts seen at one time out of water in Sandusky. And there are more to come, so that there will be a veritable maze of the white-winged flyers and the more prosaic but just as popular 'choo choo' boats.

"And the variety is great. It ranges from the ocean-going Wing and Wing, of Cleveland, a beautiful and large power-boat that cruised up the Atlantic coast and then to the lakes, to the racing machine the 18-foot fin-keel Bonita, of Cleveland, and the little one-designers, such as the Snark, of the Sandusky fleet.

It is an interesting study for yachtsmen. There are all types of boats, and they are up where every line may be seen, measurements taken, and the beauty admired.

"The Davis works has become a sort of headquarters for yachtsmen this season and boats have been brought here from Cleveland, Toledo and other points to join the fleet. Here is a list of the boats now out, with four having no name:

"Sara Ann, Wing and Wing, Frederick W., Thelma, Ursula, Saracen, Velma, Snark, Adeline, Velma F., Beatrice, Kafralu, Plover, Auk, Dispatch, Onaway, Bonita.

"Many of these boats are well-known to yachtsmen on the lakes as of the speediest type. Others are new to local yachtsmen, and this makes the interest in them more lively.

"A number of boats are yet to be taken out, including one or two from Cleveland, and the Columbus, Col. Woodard, Alton, and others of this city. There will be from twenty-five to thirty boats in the winter quarters by the time the bay closes up.

"The little Bonita, of Cleveland, arrived here Sunday, and her crew presented a sorry sight upon arrival, being soaked to the skin by seas which went over her. At this season of the year a trip from Cleveland here in such a small boat is not to be envied.

"The new ship-way at the Davis works makes the handling of the boats an easy matter. They are hauled out and placed in any part of the yard wanted. Some will be taken into the building, some, like the Thelma, will have a house built about them, and others will lie outside exposed to weather, with no more protection than a good coat of paint and a covering for any brass or machine work.

"The entire fleet is worth probably more than \$30,000."

As this is the season of giving and receiving those kindly disposed and especially the friends of the Home should not forget those who are being cared for there.

As has been the custom, the President of the Alumni Association has issued the following:

CHRISTMAS APPEAL FOR THE HOME.

The Season of Advent is on, and Christmas is approaching with its associations of love and joy. Those who contemplate making gifts to their dear ones during Christmas should not forget the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf of Ohio.

The Home is the property of the Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association, and undoubtedly many members and friends of this Association and the Home will make Christmas this year a most generous one for this worthy institution.

Anything that may be useful and conducive to the happiness of the inmates will be acceptable.

GEORGE F. FLICK,
Pres. O. D. M. A. A.

The Dayton Advance Society is in for intellectual feasts during the winter season. It had a taste of one the latter part of November, and proposes to have another lecture by one of the Columbus teachers next month. The date will be announced soon.

At a recent meeting of the society, the following officers were elected: President, Mr. Himpelspan; Vice-President, Mr. Wiggens; Secretary, James Smith; Treasurer (re-elected) Henry Ranzow; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Miller.

Mr. Nelson I. Snyder, of West Alexandria, and Mr. Benjamin Showalter were added as members.

The U. S. Civil Service Commission is to hold an examination in this city, December 27th, 28th, for a teacher of the deaf in the Philippine Islands. It is open only to male applicants, not over 44 years of age. The appointment will be made in March or April, and the person who secures the plum is expected to leave in time to reach Manila, early in June 1907, when the school year begins. Salary \$1200 with chances of promotion to secure \$2000. Examinations for the same position will be held in Cleveland, Cincinnati, Toledo, Zanesville and Canton. As far as we have been able to learn, none will enter for the place from this school.

The basketball team is being put through a series of practices by physical instructor, Ohlemacher. The team expects to have a game with one of the city teams ere long.

Mr. William Case, who was employed in the bindery during the rush of work, was relieved Saturday. He will spend his Christmas at home near Wheeling.

The little boys with their sleds have been enjoying themselves coasting down Fay Hill, a three-inch fall of snow, Sunday night, with cold weather following, having made it possible for them to indulge in this kind of amusement. Here's wishing all the readers of the JOURNAL a joyous Christmas and a happy, prosperous new year. Subscribe for the JOURNAL and help to make yourself so.

A. B. G.

Antiquity of Soap

Soap is not a modern invention. It is twice mentioned in the Bible, first in Jeremiah 2:22, and again in Malachi 3:2. History tells us that more than two thousand years ago the Gauls manufactured it by combining beech tree ashes with goat's fat. Some years ago a soap boiler's shop was discovered in Pompeii, having been buried beneath the terrible rain of ashes that fell upon that city in 79 A. D. The soap found in the shop had not lost all its efficacy, although it had been buried eighteen hundred years. At the time that Pompeii was destroyed the soapmaking business was carried on in several of the Italian cities. Pliny, the elder, speaks of soap and says that because its price was so high, many substitutes were used, among them a kind of glutinous earth and fine sand mixed in the juice of certain plants that made lather. As early as 700 A. D. the Phoenicians introduced the business into France, the first factories being introduced into Marseilles—*Mr. Airy World*.

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

REV. HENRY SLOANE COPPIN, Pastor
Bible Class meets at 8 P.M.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Friday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

A Clever Woman.

Signor Leonevallo does not think much of his own early work. Once, at a performance of "Pagliacci," in Italy, he sat next a young lady, who applauded loudly. "And you, sir, why don't you applaud?" "Because I don't like the play," said Leonevallo, thinking to have some fun at her expense.

"Then you don't understand music," she told him.

"On the contrary," he replied, and he analysed the opera minutely to show that much of it was borrowed from earlier composers.

The young lady said nothing; she was apparently confounded.

But, in reality, she was a lady journalist who had recognised Leonevallo and drawn him out.

Next day her paper published a "Special Interview" with the composer.

GALLAUDET HOME.

At the morning service in the chapel on Sunday, November 25th, Mr. C. Q. Mann translated the inscription on the Thomas Gallaudet tablet into the sign language for the inmates. It was a nice surprise to him, for he had heard nothing about the gift until he came here.

Mrs. Platt died in Poughkeepsie several weeks ago. She was the wife of Mr. John I. Platt, a trustee of the Home.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Lewis, of Yonkers, N. Y., spent Thanksgiving day with Mrs. and Miss Nelson in the Queen City. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis would have come to see us, but they were unable to do so.

Miss Mary F. Palmer called here on a Thursday afternoon not long ago. The old ladies welcomed her with open arms. Miss Palmer contemplates a trip to California after the holidays are over. They wish her a pleasant journey and safe return East.

From the Poughkeepsie Courier of a recent issue we learn that Edward Freer, the man who a month ago stole some money from the farm house, has turned up in Minneapolis, Minn.

The weather on Thanksgiving day was clear and cold, Mr. Miner conducted an appropriate service in the chapel. At half past twelve o'clock the inmates partook of an excellent dinner, kindly furnished by the Lady Managers and friends.

Miss Porter, Mr. Clinton, and Mr. Caton returned on the 8th inst., from their visit in Brooklyn and New York.

Mr. Clinton did not go to Sheep Head, L. I., as he had intended, because he failed to meet an old school chum.

Mr. Friday hurt his forehead pretty badly lately while he was at work in the cellar, but thanks to Dr. Phinney's skillful treatment Ben is all right now.

Mrs. Rusk, Miss Lockwood, Miss Spear and the writer, were among the pupils who were, on December 4th, 1856, removed from the Institution on East 50th Street in New York City to its present lovely site.

They witnessed the laying of the corner stone of the new school, on which occasion the late Rev. Wm. Adams, D.D., presided. The boys and girls stood in solemn silence in the open air while the box was lowered into the ground. It was most beautiful and touching sight to behold, and has added a link to the long chain of events which have transpired in the history of the institution.

Rev. Dr. Chamberlain preached twice in the chapel, on the third Sunday in Advent.

Mrs. C. B. Thompson, of the Ladies' Board, has a new granddaughter, born a few weeks ago.

Mrs. Bayne and Mrs. Rusk had a ride to the village recently. The cold bracing air put some color into their cheeks.

On the 10th inst., Miss Lockwood enjoyed her sixty-eighth birthday. Mrs. Jones presented her with a pretty floral book, and Miss Spear made a big rag baby, which caused no little merriment all round.

Mrs. Magee was the guest of her brother, Dr. Wood, over night in Poughkeepsie, a short time ago. Mrs. Magee has quite mastered the sign language and single hand alphabet during her brief stay here. She is a lady of superior intelligence and refined manners.

Miss Warren has in her apartment a family heirloom in the shape of a small table, which is more than a century old.

Tuesday forenoon, the 18th, Mr. Miner took blind Mr. Clinton to Poughkeepsie on business.

Several of us are on the lookout for presents from relatives or friends.

Packages of magazines were sent here from New York City, week before last. The inmates enjoyed reading them and newspapers too.

A happy New Year to all. Long may the JOURNAL live and thrive, for it is the best paper of its kind that is published in this country.

LOUISE.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZEL, Pastor, 1839 W. DARTMOUTH STREET.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Sermon and Holy Communion—
First Sunday of the month, 2:30 P.M.

Evening Prayer and Sermon—
Other Sundays, 2:30 P.M.

Bible Class, 3:45 P.M.

WEEK-DAY MEETINGS.

Clare Literary Association—
Every Thursday, 8 P.M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday at 3:15 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday at 3 P.M.

December 30th, Holy Communion.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Vacation Days on Kendall Green.

PERSONAL MENTION

East Wing Items.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

GALLAUDET COLLEGE, Dec 23, 1906.—The first term exams are over and majority of those who are to spend the holidays away from the Green have already left.

Dr. Gallaudet expressed himself as very much pleased over the work of the term just completed, announcing that there was a smaller number of failures and a higher average of scholarship shown than in any term for several years past.

There will be plenty of entertainment for those who spend the vacation on the Green. In addition to the usual two socials, there will be a number of basketball games and wrestling matches.

It is proposed to give a joint exhibition of basketball and wrestling on Thursday night, December 28th.

Then there is a literary treat in the lecture of Wm. G. Jones, '76, on the night of the 28th.

The Faculty has seen fit to refuse to recognize basketball as a regular college sport this winter. While this has chilled the ardor of the devotees somewhat, the sport will be kept up for its value as a pastime, and a means of keeping our athletics in training for the spring games.

Mrs. Prof. Gaw and son, Johnnie, are spending the holidays in Kentucky.

Mr. Lyman Steed, '06, Normal, called on the Green last Sunday. Percival Fay, of Haverford College, and Burton Hotchkiss, of Lafayette, are spending vacation with their parents.

J. H. McFarlane, '07, will take advantage of the vacation to pay a visit to his old chum and classmate Charles Williams, ex-'07, who is teaching at Staunton, Va.

Faupel, '07, left for Baltimore, Saturday to spend the holidays, while his room-mate, Binkley, '07, has gone to New York to visit Billy Sayles, '06, whom he proposes to challenge for this lightweight wrestling championship of the State.

Leet the spooks should practice on his pet typewriter in their vacant room during his absence. Binkley duly placed the machine in the care of Frank Clark Horton, who is bound by a solemn oath to return the same intact when the Green is again honored with Binkley's imposing presence.

Holway, '08, is again spending his vacation at home in the Windy City.

Underhill, '08, chased home as soon as he could get out of the examination room, goaded by a great and growing hunger which has afflicted him all through the term. He promises to spend the greater part of his vacation in appeasing that hunger.

Morton Henry and Frank Holliday of '09, are at their homes in Haddonfield, N. J., and Pittsburg, Pa., respectively.

Toomey, '10, who has gone to his Ohio home, is the only one of his class, who will be absent during the holidays.

Nies and Cohen, I. C., are in New York, and L. Jones, I. C., is in Wilmington, Del.

O'Donnell, '09, is making a strong bid for membership to the Plutocrats' Clique, with H. Harper, '08, P. F. B., etc., giving him the benefit of warm rivalry.

[From Our East Wing Correspondent.]

Miss Turner, '07, is spending the holidays in New York with her sisters.

Miss Ren, '08, will be the guest of her friend, Mrs. Peck, a few days during vacation.

Miss Peet leaves on Wednesday, 26th, to spend the rest of the holidays in New York.

One of the Co-eds, during the excitement and bustle just before Christmas, estimated that, on the average, she went up and down stairs 4,736 times per day.

A number of the students and the Co-eds witnessed Rev. Zimmerman's moving picture exhibition, at the Columbia Theatre, Friday afternoon. The students enjoyed it, and all the Co-eds voted it grand.

Miss Dickson, '07, leaves Christmas morning to visit Baltimore with Anderson, '06. She is expected to return Friday.

Miss Leveck, '09, gave a party to a number of her friends Saturday evening. The room presented the appropriate Christmas red and green effect, and every thing went off "swimmingly" to quote one of the guests. Before refreshments, which consisted of cocoa with whipped cream, sandwiches, cake and bon-bons, contests was the

order. Prizes were awarded as follows: For guessing the conundrum Christmas dinner, Miss Tate, '07, first prize; Miss Linabury, '10, second. For extemporaneous quotations, Miss Frost, '08, first; Miss Bendele, '10, booby. After refreshments, the game of hearts was played, and Miss Linabury, '10, got first prize and Miss Fitzgerald, I. C., the booby.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The Brooklyn Club's annual ball is only two weeks off. Have you bought your ticket? If not, you had better get about the bandwagon at once. On January 5th, all roads will point to Schwaben Hall. Schwaben Hall is one of the largest and handsomest places of its kind in the "City of Churches." Its ball room in point of excellence is second to none. In matter of convenience, it can't be beat. It can be reached via all cars from either the Williamsburg or Brooklyn Bridge or Fulton or Broadway ferries. From Brooklyn Bridge, Ridgewood "L" take you direct to the hall on Knickerbocker Avenue. From Williamsburg Bridge or Broadway Ferry, Broadway trolley to Myrtle Avenue, then transfer direct to the hall.

Handsome prizes galore for pretty and original costumes—so many prizes in fact that almost nobody appearing in mask need go home empty-handed.

Chairman Shea ran across Willie Keeler, of the Yankees, and Bill Dahlen, of the Giants, during the recent six-days' bicycle race at Madison Square Garden, and both promised him they would be on hand at the ball on January 5th.

The Christmas Entertainment at St. Ann's Church takes place on Monday evening December 31st, and promises to be a fine affair. It is going to be a change from previous affairs, for instead of a festival as always, there is going to be a stage program. The whole affair promises to be very interesting and worth the admission charged.

There are to be two plays with stereopticon views, which is enough to attract all; and in addition there will be boxes of candy for all who attend the entertainment, and as it is also the end of the year 1906, watch night, to celebrate the entering of the New Year, 1907, will be held after the entertainment, and then there will be more fun following, in which various games will be played. Come one, and come all, the small admission of 25 cents is only charged, and the entertainment commences at 8:30 P.M.

The Thirty-Fourth Anniversary service of The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes was held at All Angels' Church, West End Avenue and 81st Street, on Sunday afternoon, December 23d, at four o'clock. Rev. Dr. Judge read the Lesson, and Rev. Dr. Chamberlain made an eloquent address touching upon the work and needs of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

Mrs. Valles (nee Maria Robinson), died on Friday, December 21st, of pneumonia. The funeral service was held at her late home in Greenpoint, L. I., Rev. Dr. Chamberlain officiating.

Clarence A. Boxley, of Troy, N. Y., was in this city to spend the holiday week.

Catholic Church Notices.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street—Instruction and Services on Sundays in the College Hall, at 3.30 P.M.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

JERSEY CITY—St. Peter's, 144 Grand Street, Services and Instruction in the College Hall, at 3.30 P.M., on the first Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of
REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S. J.

BUFFALO.

Services for the Deaf, consisting of Sermon and Benediction, will be held at the Chapel, 125 Edward Street, at 4:30 P.M., on the following Sundays, (Every two weeks):

Dec.—9, 23 Jan.—6, 20
Feb.—3, 17 Mar.—3, 17, 31
Apr.—14, 28 May—5, 19
June—2, 16.

You are cordially invited to attend regularly.

REV. P. S. GILMORE.

PHILADELPHIA.

Donations for the Home

THE RECORD OF 1906

The Banner Goes to the Saw-hills.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1838 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The following donations for the Home were collected by Pittsburg friends and should have been reported ere this, but we did not get the list until a week ago. We desire that they shall appear in this column, that they may be noted and counted with the lists previously given the collections, all being on account of Donation Day in 1906.

Particular mention should be made of Mr. and Mrs. William L. Sawhill, of Swissdale, who made the banner collection—\$103.00! It was Mrs. Sawhill's influence that encouraged her husband to work energetically for the happy and commendable result, and he also had the support and assistance of Messrs. Worley, McCracken, Korn, and Davidson.

To be sure, all the other collectors are happily and very thankfully noted:

Through Miss Ida Heim:

Mr. Charles Bresack,	\$2 00
Mr. Max Heim,	1 00
Mr. Geo. Grimm,	1 00
Mr. John Pool,	1 00
Mr. R. Lewis,	1 00
Mr. J. Krenner, Sr.,	1 00
Mr. F. Wenzel,	1 00
Mr. Fred. Hauck,	50
Mr. L. C. Link,	75
Mr. F. J. Brehm,	50
Mrs. M. Steinhäuser,	50
Mrs. E. M. Heim,	25
Mrs. Sarah Francis,	25
Miss Hannah E. King,	25
Mrs. M. Kraft,	25
Miss Mary Kroulir,	25
Mrs. Kate Meiser,	25
Mr. Wm. Becker,	10
Mr. C. Steitman,	10
Mr. Bufling,	05
Mr. Joseph Atcheson,	50
Mrs. Joseph Haigermoer,	1 00
Cash,	14 50

Through Miss Frances Dietrick:

Mr. Frank Gray,	\$1 00
Miss Minnie Luech,	10
Mr. and Mrs. Winch,	1 00
Miss Northam,	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. Teegarden,	1 00
Miss Candace Venides,	5 00
Miss Jeannette McCord,	50
Mr. B. R. Allabough,	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bards,	50
Cash,	13 10

Through Mrs. Geo. Annie:

Mrs. W. E. Lincoln,	\$5 00
Cash,	2 00
Cash,	7 00

Through Mr. J. M. Rolshouse:

Miss Theresa Schoenberger,	\$1 00
Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Rolshouse,	1 00
Cash,	2 00

Through Mrs. W. L. Sawhill:

The Employees of the Union Switch and Signal Co., Swissdale, Pa.,	\$102 50
Miss M. Luech, Erie, Pa.,	50
Cash,	103 00

Through Mr. Samuel Davidson:

Mr. S. Davidson,	\$25
Mr. Collins Sawhill,	25
Mr. Wm. Friend,	25
Mr. Horace Waters,	25
Mr. C. Cummings,	25
Mr. T. F. Campbell,	25
Mr. S. A. Stright,	25
Mr. E. M. Clifford,	25
Mr. W. D. Munhall,	25
Mr. J. M. Griffith,	25
Mr. J. M. Hanney,	25
Mr. C. M. Briggs,	25
Mr. R. J	

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

He was an elder in a church in a little county town. He was also a tradesman, and he fell upon evil days. His creditors pressed him, and he was forced to file his petition in bankruptcy.

His failure was the talk of the town. He felt his position acutely, and kept as much as possible within doors.

Then the brethren decided to hold a meeting, and the unworthy elder was summoned to attend. The pastor spoke first. He urged his people to be considerate and tender.

He was followed by a man who made an eloquent speech on honesty in trade, and concluded by moving that the elder be suspended from office for a period to give him time to purge himself of his heinousness. A seconder and supporter spoke to the same effect.

The brethren looked severe; their countenances were set with the sternness of a righteous wrath. A deep silence pervaded the room.

Slowly and humbly the elder arose. "I want," he murmured meekly, "to say a few things based on my ledger. The mover of the resolution owes me \$80. I offered him three weeks ago to settle it for \$60, to save myself from my present position. The seconder owes me \$65. I told him I would accept \$50 to prevent this exposure. The supporter of the resolution is indebted to me to the amount of \$45."

A brief pause. "And now, with your permission—turning to the pastor—I will read out the sums the others present owe me."

He read them out, calmly and deliberately, but long ere he had finished the brethren had fled.

Attention! Attention, ye users of fun!
Keep in mind the date of the . . .

Masquerade Ball and Dance

of the
N. J. Deaf-Mutes' Society

AT
ODD FELLOWS' HALL,

412-414 Washington Street,

HOBOKEN, N. J.

Washington's Birthday
Friday, February 22, 1907.

MUSIC BY OUR FAVORITE.

TICKETS, 25 CENTS.

Elegant prizes awarded and
a good time assured.

C. Casella, Chairman,
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How to reach the Hall—New Yorkers will please take the ferry at Barclay Street, N. Y., for Hoboken, N. J. The hall is about six blocks from the ferry. About fifteen minutes' walk. The Washington Street cars pass the hall.

Come and bring your friends.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

AT
St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes

ON
Monday Evening, December 31, 1906.

ADMISSION, - - - 25 CENTS

Alfred Stern and William
Renner . . . Committee

SOMETHING NEW.

THE COLORADO ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF

desires to entertain the Convention of the N. A. D., to be held in or about 1910.

We guarantee a welcome and a good time second to none in the past, and hard to beat in the future, and shall be backed by a fund of one thousand dollars, not counting receipts from sale of banquet tickets, concessions, etc.

G. W. Veditz, Colorado Springs, President.
F. L. Reid, Denver, 1st Vice-President.
S. M. McGinnity, Denver, 2d Vice-President.
M. J. Kestner, " Secretary.
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200 " " "	1.10
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200 " " "	1.00

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100 " " "	.60

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A GRAND RECEPTION

TO THE

Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE

35th Anniversary of his Ministry to the

Deaf-Mutes

AT

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes

148TH STREET, WEST OF AMSTERDAM AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY.

Saturday, January 12, 1907,

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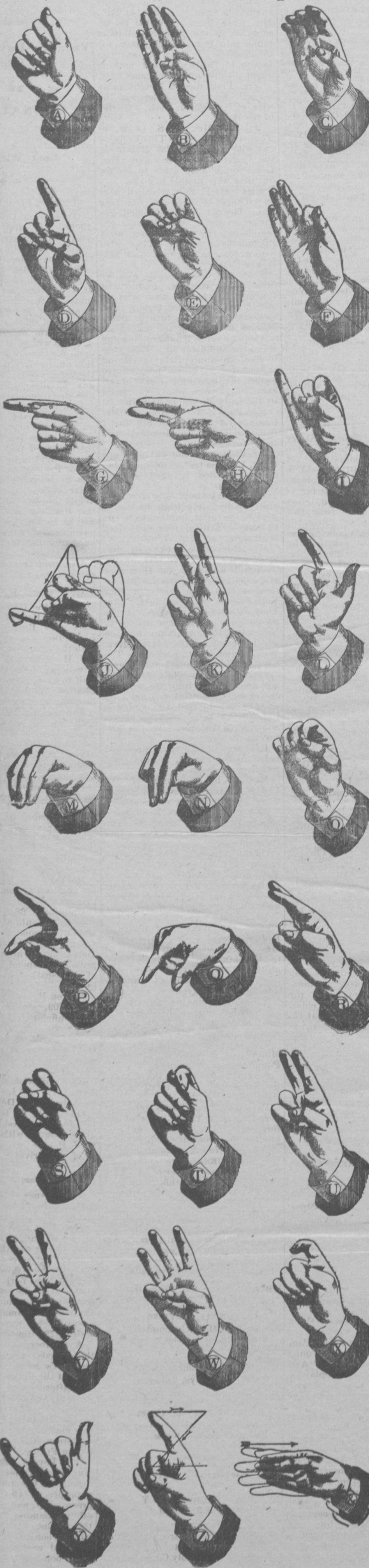
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The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf-mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

Subscriptions may be sent to the

HON. THOMAS L. JAMES, Treasurer,
Lincoln National Bank,
Forty-second Street, East,
New York, N. Y.

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Geo. Lindeman, J. F. Britt.

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then transfer to Knickerbocker Avenue, via
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